

## THUS HAVE I HEARD.

[Crāvaka's contributions to THE ARYAN PATH will serve to remind editors, contributors and readers alike that its prime object is faithfully to repeat for the modern era the great truths of the Ancient Records. So much "original" writing is done to-day, so much "self-expression" is indulged in that, in the clamour that is raised, the chants of the Gods remain unheard. One of our tasks is to bring home the truth that it is not derogatory to *repeat* the old age facts of the science of the soul. The study of the wise ancients convinces us that our forefathers knew better and more than we do. It is a modern form of madness to take for granted that we of the twentieth century are superior not only to the men to whom Jesus spoke, but also superior to those to whom Plato taught, to whom Pythagoras imparted his Indian Knowledge, to whom Gautama offered his Light, to whom Lao Tzu showed his Tao, to whom Krishna sang the Divine Lay. Verily we think our fathers fools! It is one of the tasks of this journal to awaken an intelligent appreciation of the hoary past so that an intelligent adaptation of some of the old truths to modern life and conditions may take place. Crāvaka is an old Theosophist who has learnt the virtue and acquired the power of saying—"Thus have I heard."—Eds.]

"Thus have I heard," sang the Vedic poets. They listened to the Rishis chanting in the world of the Spirit, and recorded for the ears of flesh the religion of immortality. In the philosophy of the Magicians the universe is conceived of Sound, the primal property of Akasha.

The Verbum of the Christians is the Aum of the Aryans. Shabda Brahman is the Word made flesh. The universe is a word, a sound.

Apollo played upon his seven-stringed lyre at the banquet of the Gods. Krishna's flute called mortals to divine efforts. The voice of the God in the human heart, as the music of the Spheres; the growl of the beast within, as the crash of civilizations without—all the innumerable whispers and roars, rhythms and discords are but witnesses to the fact that Sound is the foundation of all that exists.

Human speech is superior to animal speech. In our civilization over-indulgence has made man worse than the beast in many things, but strikingly so in speech. In soul-life speech and silence are complementary. Our own talk drowns all sounds for us; he who is silent hears.

Speech purified by silence becomes wise and compassionate; egotism talks; discrimination born of knowledge and thought humbly repeats what wisdom has taught and contemplation mastered. Hence spiritual life commences with a vow of silence, and the neophyte is named Crāvaka, श्रावक, the listener. The Greeks called him Akoustikos.

No one can make another a listener. By self-resolve alone can one enter the Path of the Inner Life. Such a resolve I have made, though afflicted by that which to-day passes for cleverness and which is but a species of egotism. Academical cleverness is cunning, and subtly engenders mock modesty; under its guise one finds justification for constant talk; such talk silences the Soul. The recognition of an inner divinity leads to a quieting of the passions whose essence is egotism. When the boisterous voice of passion was subdued in some measure I began hearing many sounds, all of which were not beneficent.